Pegin a Leaven.

I'M reſtleſs in my mind, and for ever uneaſy,
Since I have loſt my jewel, there's nothing can pleaſe me.
Her breaſt is like the ſwan on the water a playing.
Sure no mortal on earth is like Pegin a Leaven.

When firſt I beheld the dear angel ſo bright
She appear'd like a goddeſs & dazzl'd my ſight,
Her skin is ſo fair, and her mein ſo pleaſing,
I'd chuſe for my valentine Pegin a Leaven.

My Peggy ſhe's fair, ſhe's charming and young,
And if ſhe don't have me I'm ſurely undone,
Let me rove where I will I find no ſuch a maiden.
She's the nymph of all ſwains my Pegin a Leaven.

Had I but my Peggy I'd aſk for no more,
She's a far greater treaſure than the rich India ſhore,
For her ſmiles ſo invite me, ſhe has quite enslaved me,
I'd ſure die a martyr for Pegin a Leaven.

Her roſy cheeks and her ruby lips charming,
She a nymph of Parnassus, and adopted my darling,
She's ſurely a goddeſs of great conſolation,
Who could forbear to love Pegin a Leaven.